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SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1910.

Army and Navy Physical Tests.
The time has again arrived for a revision of the methods of conducting physical tests of certain officers of the army and navy. A general order pertaining to army officers has been issued from the War Department, prescribing the requirements for the coming year. A similar order is in course of preparation in the Navy Department for the guidance of the personnel of the navy and Marine Corps.
The army physical test has been somewhat modified, and there is said to be in contemplation a greater modification of the requirements governing the naval and Marine Corps test.
This lessening of the severity of the demand upon officers is wise and just. The physical test, as a demonstration of fitness for military duty, has caused demoralization of the personnel, in that it has created wide discontent and aroused much apprehension. It has had a psychological effect which must have exerted its influence upon the efficiency of the personnel, especially as there are not wanting examples of the premature retirement of officers whose "disqualification" was based on an excessive and overlooked experience and other characteristics that should have counted for something against the inability to ride or walk a stipulated distance within designated periods.
So long as the physical test is protected from becoming the disastrous cause of elimination—for the sake of promotion, however agreeable advancement may be to junior officers, impatient over present delays—there is nothing to be offered in objection to the system; but when it is made the reason and occasion of creating vacancies by the process of retirement of officers who cannot do athletic stunts on horseback and as pedestrians, the victims may not be blamed if they regard it as positively vicious.
It is agreeable to note that the Surgeon General of the Army and the Surgeon General of the Navy have intervened to prevent any such unfair and unnecessary elimination. Those officials have pointed out the dangers of taking a commendable system to an extremity, which means hardship for individuals and defeats the ostensible purpose of the original plan, which was to encourage and inculcate the habit of physical exercise.
If some plan can be devised by which officers can be kept in good physical condition, capable of taking the field at any time in case of war, as is stated in the general order of the War Department on the subject, there is much to be gained by the military-naval personnel. But it is absurd to lay down any hard and fast rules by which officers shall abide in maintaining that desirable state of physical readiness.
As for the annual test or demonstration, it should be considered of advancing age and avoid requirements which make no distinction between the junior and the senior officers. Then there will be no occasion to regard the requirement as a hardship or an outrage upon the dignity of military rank.

Population to Order.
Undoubtedly France has reason to be alarmed over the marked decline in her birth rate and to argue to herself that a preponderance of deaths over births points to a decadence that must mean, eventually, the death of the nation. But there will be considerable doubt whether our sister republic will meet with the success she hopes for in trying to increase the birth rate by act of Parliament. In the first place, one doubts whether it can be done at all; in the second place, if it can be done, would it be desirable?

Prominent among the measures discussed in the French Senate recently was one imposing additional military service on bachelors over twenty-five years of age, requiring all public employees over twenty-five to be married men, and providing additional wages for such of them as have more than three children.
Of course, it is not pretended that France needs the additional military service from bachelors, nor thinks that married employees are better servants than bachelors. These are simply penalties attached to bachelordom and inducements for young men to get married early and to pray for large families.
It would be curious to note—in an academic way—what would be the effect of such statutory provisions. If, by such inducements, France could bring its birth rate up to something nearer the normal standard, would its citizens of the coming generation be able to hold their own in the battle of life? Marriages contracted just for reasons of selfish gain would hardly be likely to turn out so happily as to be an advantage to the state. Under our present social system,

natural selection still plays an important part in matrimony, and the love of home and family that is so deeply set in the Anglo-Saxon heart is the prime motive in securing those happy families from which come sons and daughters fit and strong to do their parts in the world.
Impelled by lesser motives, by motives sordid and altogether selfish, France might succeed in making her vital statistics look more favorable, but it is a grave question whether she would strengthen the nation thereby, or prolong its life.

Betting on Elections.
A bill to prohibit betting on elections has passed the Georgia house of representatives, and probably will pass the senate and become a law of the State before the present legislative adjourns.
The author of this reformatory measure, Hon. Barry Wright, is to be congratulated. His proposal is eminently righteous and in line with common sense. It ought to be against the law everywhere to bet on elections, and we hope that Georgia's prohibitive example will be followed by the nation generally.
There is no legitimate argument in a bet. Its appeal is entirely irrational. The man who wagers his money on a candidate or a measure becomes at once a prejudiced partisan of that man or measure. He pleads with other men to vote his way, not because it is the right way or the logical way, but because it is the way his money is placed. It frequently happens that he is willing enough to go in for corrupting the ballot, if only he may win by some hook or crook.
In closely contested and smaller and less important elections the influence of the man who bets often may be clearly and unmistakably traced. In the great majority of cases the man with his coin on the result of an election concerns himself not at all with the principles involved. His activity is entirely sinister and sordid in motive.
Betting on anything is silly business, at best. Betting on elections is worse than silly, because it unites a man for that calm and carefully considered exercise of his franchise that is so essential to good government. The sacrifice is more than any citizen should be permitted to make, if it can be avoided. The legislature of Georgia appears to think it may be avoided—at least, in very great measure. And so do we. At all events, the experiment is well worth trying.

The Legal Tip.
This business of parenthood in government seems to be going a little too far, now that they have succeeded in making tipping legal. The precedent set by the Comptroller of the Treasury, that automatic in money matters, is likely to be far-reaching, not to say epoch-making. It is well known how carefully the Comptroller scrutinizes every bill that comes before him to be O. K'd, and when an Alaskan official turned in his expense account it was found that he had included an item for tips. It was not much—only 75 cents—but it was enough to establish a precedent, for the Comptroller passed it. Thus has the thin part of the wedge entered. The end no man may see. Now that Uncle Sam is committed to the tipping evil, just think what vast sums may be disbursed by the thousands of officials who have expense accounts and who meet the tipping claimants on their travels.
Up to the present the tip has retained something, at least, of the nature of a gratuity. In giving that extra quarter or half dollar to the waiter, you could—if you chose to ignore the fact that you were brow-beaten into it by custom—feel, or at least simulate, a fine glow of generous satisfaction. You could feel that you had been moved by the thought of the poor wife and eleven starving children that the waiter had at home. If on a Pullman you tipped the porter after an uncomfortable night in one of those expensive uppers, you knew that you were heaping coals of fire on the devoted head of the porter because you knew that the plutocratic company did not pay him sufficient wage.
But all these satisfactions over tipping are to be taken from us now. The tip is not a generous dole; it is a legal addition to our other expenses, sanctioned by the government, approved by the Comptroller. There was some hope for us before. If the Comptroller had refused to allow that item, government officials everywhere would have been justified in declining to give tips, and some of us—we hate to do it, but are afraid not to—might have taken refuge in the governmental refusal. Some of us, indeed, might even have passed ourselves off as government officials so as to avoid tipping. But that refuge has gone forever, and by a simple "O. K." the Comptroller, who should also be the conservator, has added greatly to the higher cost of living. No longer is "to tip or not to tip" the question. We can only hope that from the Treasury Department may come a brochure on the subject advising us just what, under various and varying circumstances, may be considered the proper amount to give.

"The Federal government is trying to find out whether there is a laundry trust in Washington," says the Detroit News. If there is, we harbor a dark suspicion that it is operating in partnership with some button trust.
Senator Gore certainly has started something, all right. It will be more than mildly interesting to watch and see if he is able to keep it going.
"It is now a free Kansas," says Mr. William Allen White. "Uncle Joe," however, still insists on "freak" rather than "free."
People who admire Miss Laura Jean Libbey's literary style will be pleased to learn that she has impressed one critic as likely to become "as great a success in valdeville as she is in the art of romancing."

We have great respect for a man who can stand in front of one of those instruments for estimating the percentage of humidity in the atmosphere and tell what on earth it really means by what it says.
The September wedding outlook is very June-like, it seems.
All the candidates for governor of Georgia being Democrats, it is quite easy to understand how all are carrying the

State overwhelmingly this far ahead of the election. What puzzles us, however, is how they will all manage to lose out on election day.
Physicians now advise against "bouncing the baby." We have an idea the babies would approve this, too, if they might speak in their own behalf.
A careful reading of Senator Cummins' recent Iowa convention remarks leaves the impression that the Senator intended to convey the idea that there is plenty more talk of the same kind where his last output came from.
"Mr. Bryan loves his country not wisely but too well, perhaps," says a writer. It is a fault that may be readily forgiven.
We suggest a new cocktail, to be known as the "G. O. P." It should be badly mixed.
Inevitably, one wonders if Gov. "Ham" Patterson did not hear something drop on Thursday last.
The latest lobby to enter the lists is the telephone meter.
A Connecticut woman froze a gallon of ice cream the other day with a bushel of hallatons she picked up in the back yard. That ice cream must have tasted particularly good, if for no other reason than because the maker got the better of the ice trust for once.

"The ability to write poetry is not necessarily a sign of insanity," says an Indiana judge. Wait a minute, please! His honor said "poetry," not "near-poetry."
The discovery that Oyster Bay is guilty of race suicide surely should be sufficient provocation for one old-time Monday morning epistle to the country, at least.
Insurgency is quite the fashion. Tennessee has just registered an apparent determination not to stand Patterson any longer.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.
With Added Vim.
Now that the strike on the Grand Trunk is settled, we assume the assumption of them will be resumed.
A Sudden Discovery.
Right of the Nebraska newspapers have united in a scheme to advertise the fact that the State has other resources than Col. Bryan.
We Give It Up.
Why should every political talking tournament now be preceded by a clambake? The clam is one of the most resilient representatives of the animal world.
No Appeal This Term.
Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis decided a case in favor of the best packers Tuesday. At last he seems to have found a way to make his trust delicious stick.
Rather Ordinary.
A member of the legislature of Louisiana exhibited in that body the other day a cabbage head weighing forty pounds. That is not a large cabbage head to be exhibited in a legislative hall.
Weyler, the Butcher.
Gen. Weyler's trip to Barcelona that the committee will have to be enlarged in case of a result shows that the general still retains much of the sparkling humor which cost Spain Cuba and the Philippines.
A Good Word for Bryan.
From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Bryan's power has gone, but Bryan need not, therefore, be belittled. He has been a big man and has done a big man's work. As a reformer, a preacher of public morality, a pleader for equality of opportunity, an enemy of all wrongdoings in politics and business, he should share with Theodore Roosevelt the gratitude of the nation.

THE BIG STICK.
VOL. IV. NO. 12. WASHINGTON, AUGUST 6, 1910. ONE CENT.
EVERY SATURDAY.
Cur Metic: If you see it in The Big Stick, it isn't necessarily so.
SANGUINARY SUE.
(By Edward J. Walsh, author of "Pellagra, and Other Lories," &c., &c.)
(Synopsis of previous chapters—Gerald Heston, stopping at Muley's Hotel, Trafalgar square, as a guest of the distinguished Bedloe Ber, is approached by a beautiful young woman for help. She claims that she is a victim of an American secret society known as the sanguinary, who have threatened to take her life. Gerald consents to take her to his room, without, however, knowing that she is Sanguinary Sue, a second cousin of Floating Florence, and one of the most dangerous spies in Europe. The diplomatic police are on her trail, but Gerald is determined to save her. He has sent her a mysterious message to meet him at the Kensington Strasse at a quarter to 2 a. m.)
CHAPTER II.
The pallid moon shone over the house of the Kensington Strasse as Sanguinary Sue, she of the purple hair, stood by the drinking fountain and waited. She felt that a crisis had arrived in her young life. The constant presence of the police was like a noose to her bright young soul. Since she had known Gerald, her whole life was changed.
"I want to be good," I said to myself, she murmured softly in whispering cadence to the waters from the fountain.
She paused and listened. Was that a horse coming up the alley?
No!
She breathed a sigh of relief. There was only the 230 express for Berlin rumbling through the subway.
"Will he come?" she asked herself. She could give herself no answer.
"How I hate commodes!" she said, with a plaintive sigh. She always spoke of the commode as the goddess of the forms of three men stealing stealthily toward her.
"By heavens, the diplomatic police!" she exclaimed.
There was no place to hide; no place to go. She was desperate. Had they seen her? she wondered. Daintily picking up her skirts, she eluded with all her old-time grace to the brink of the marble drinking fountain. Then, silently and without a shudder, she slipped underneath the water.
With a rush the diplomatic police surrounded the fountain.
"Sacre bleu!" exclaimed the leader. Though he was a German, he always spoke French when he was excited. "She is not here."
In vain they sought her high and low, and the game was over.
They gave up in despair. Hardly had they disappeared into the nearest all-night cafe before there was a peculiar rushing sound in the heavens above, and as Sanguinary Sue, wet through, but still

A LITTLE NONSENSE.
ON VACATION.
When I'm away they'll have to get
A first-class clerk;
Perhaps employ
A man and boy
To do my work.
The rest will have to buckle down
And do their share.
They all, you see,
Rely on me
When I am there.
But now they earlier must come
And later stay.
I guess the boss
Will feel the loss
When I'm away.

Moving Stock.
"The man who runs the general store is having bargain sales and doing a big business among the summer boarders."
"Yes; they were just dying for excitement. Two ladies actually fought over a remnant griststone the other day."

Turned Adrift.
"What becomes of the old jokes?"
"I don't know. The magazines won't take 'em after thirty-five."

Travel Picks Up.
On the road to Oyster Bay we are not so thick to-day; and the man who runs the bus line will have dividends to pay.
Husband and Wife.
She gets an allowance no more;
There was friction, slack.
He spent her allowance before
He could borrow it back.

A Fashionable Camp.
"And how did you like rough life in the Adirondacks, Cholly?"
"It wasn't bad fun. We drank the champagne out of tin cups."

Vain Hope.
"What's the matter, parson?"
"I was just wishing that people would struggle to get into heaven like they struggle to get into society."
About All.
"What good will it do us to communicate with the other planets if we can't visit them?"
"Oh, I don't know. We might have interstellar chess."

TO COURT FOR A LOG CHAIN.
It's Worth a Dollar and Litigation So Far Had Cost \$15.50.
From the Kansas City Times.
An old log chain worth a dollar is proving an expensive piece of property for John E. Lewis, a sidewalk contractor of Independence, and Alfred Crenshaw, a laborer of that city. Both men are claiming the chain. First they had a fight over the possession of it and Lewis was the better fighter. Then Crenshaw brought a replevin suit in the court of Justice W. S. Loar. Witnesses disagreed as to the ownership of the chain. Each man said he had used the chain about three years. Lewis said he had used it to drag mortar boxes and other heavy articles. The exact manner in which it had been adjusted around a doubletree had been explained to the judge. He sent out and got a doubletree and fastening the chain around it, found that certain links which had been worn smooth came on the under side of the double tree. This appeared conclusive evidence, so he decided in favor of Lewis.

Crenshaw refused to let that chain go so easily. He appealed yesterday to the Circuit Court. The cost of the suit in the Justice court was \$2.50 for Crenshaw and \$2.50 for Lewis. Docketing the case in the Circuit Court ran the total costs, so far, up to \$15.50, to say nothing of attorney's fees.
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TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Birth of Daniel O'Connell, the Great Irish Liberator.

To-day is the anniversary of the birth, in 1775, of Daniel O'Connell, whom Ireland loves to refer to as the "great liberator." The town of his birth has the odd name of Cahirciveen. It is located five miles from Killybegs. His ancestors had been chiefs in the old days, and like those of most of the Irish chiefs, their lands had been confiscated in the wars.
They were of sturdy stock, however, and made the best of having to toil on the lands once their own, where they dwelt as tenants and earned only a meager living. Several members of the family, however, went to France and served brilliantly in her wars in the eighteenth century.
From his earliest youth young Daniel was taught to appreciate the high estate of his ancestors and to look upon England as the oppressor of his beloved country and the enemy of the faith of his fathers. He went to the first school in Cork where Catholic teachers were allowed to instruct the Irish youth; and he finished his education at the Seminary of St. Omar, in France, and at the College of Douay, also of that country.
The St. Omar educational institution was conducted particularly for English and Irish Roman Catholics, and had succeeded a Jesuit college, founded by Father Parsons, for young Englishmen. The college of Douay was founded by Cardinal Allen, an Englishman, for the education of priests for that country.
It was under the influence of the careful teaching in these institutions of learning that young O'Connell began to study deeply into political questions of the day. He learned to dread anarchy and all the dangers that arise from hasty and unpopulated judgments. He saw much of the horror of the French Revolution, and his mind became imbued with the importance of strict and honest laws that should protect life and property.
O'Connell adopted the profession of the law and was admitted to the Irish bar in 1798. His first brilliant successes were ascribed to the fact that he so thoroughly understood the characteristics of his countrymen. He could lead and bend them in any way through his examination of witnesses. But he soon demonstrated his remarkable knowledge of constitutional and criminal law, and his eloquence was such that he is ranked among the foremost of the brilliant leaders of the Irish bar.

His heart was absorbed in the questions of justice for his people, and the elevation of his country to her rightful place. He felt bitterly the position of the Irish Catholic, who was kept in constant restraint, and he determined to become the champion that should win him freedom and equality. He founded Catholic associations in all parts of Ireland and kept them so carefully within the limits of the law that they continued to grow until they formed a powerful organization, of which O'Connell was the constant watchful leader.
His orations at home and in the British House of Commons are the finest appeals in the English language for personal and religious liberty. Many great orators have framed some of their finest speeches about the Irish liberator. Among these are William H. Seward, when he said:
"Who but O'Connell has ever accomplished so much for human freedom with means so feeble? Who but he has ever given liberty to a people by the mere utterance of his voice, without an army or navy or revenue, without a sword, a spear, or even a shield?"
In 1829 the claims of the Catholics were allowed, and in Parliament, where he represented Clare, he worked constantly for the good of his country. In the latter part of his life he suffered through the defeat of his agitation for the repeal of the union of Great Britain and Ireland. He was arrested, tried, and found guilty of sedition, with a sentence of one year and a fine of \$10,000. But the House of Lords reversed this judgment.
O'Connell could not recover from this blow to his hopes for Ireland, and he felt so keenly the decline of his influence that his health began to fail. It was thought that a trip to Rome would benefit him and heal his sore heart, so in 1847 he started upon the journey. He was taken very ill at Genoa, where his memory is kept in highest honor, and he died there that year.

On August 6, 1778, Mons. Gerard, ambassador from France, was introduced to Congress, the first foreign representative to this country. To-day is the birthday of Matthew Parker, the eminent English divine (1504); of Solomon Van Rensselaer, the American general (1774); Alfred Tennyson, the British poet (1809); Samuel P. Carter, naval officer of the Mexican and civil wars (1819); and the Duke of Argyll (1845). It is the date of the execution of Eugene Aram in 1759, and the death of Ann Hathaway, wife of Shakespeare, in 1623, of Ben Jonson, the British dramatist, in 1637, and Velasquez, the celebrated Spanish painter, in 1660.

STRAINED RELATIONS.

From the Chicago News.
"Say," said Baltman, as he passed the fish dealer's stand, "send up a couple of nice bass to the house to-morrow."
"All right, sir," answered the dealer.
"And be sure they are bass," continued Baltman. "You see I'm going—er—out-of-town for the day, and—er—the last time I went I told my wife I was going trout fishing, and you sent up a salt mackerel. Another error like that on your part and there will be strained relations in my family. See?"

Going Some.
From Puck.
The New Hat Tree—And you're a centurion? By George! Aside from a few cracks in your face, you hold your own mighty well! What's the secret?
The Grandfather's Clock (serenely)—I keep regular hours and always find something for my hands to do.

Notes of the Books.
Of the many stories told by that character creation of Eliza Calvert Hall, Janet, of Kentucky, one of the best is "The House that Was a Wedding Pie." This story, which appears as one of the chapters of the second Aunt Jane book, "The Land of Long Ago," has been printed separately as a thirty-two-page booklet by the publishers, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, who will mail it to any address on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

The idiosyncrasies of what men thought and wrote about themselves are collected in Mrs. Anna Robeson Burr's book, "The Autobiography" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As an indication of the tremendous compulsion to tell the truth, which is shown in a majority of cases, the author cites Gibbon's remark that he could not regret the early death of his five brothers and sisters "because their life would have been sufficient to oppress my inheritance."

Ralph D. Paine has few superiors as a novelist of undergraduate life, and in "The Head Coach" (Scriveners) he tells us the story of a famous Yale center, a graduate of the Divinity School and rector of a small church in an out-of-the-way New England town. There is a little college in this town and the person devotes much of his spare time to training its football team, and this work, together with his life among his parishioners, forms the substance of Mr. Paine's novel.

ALL CLEAR NOW.
"Coming events cast their shadows before." We now know why a man was once called an "auto da." Read the Ringville Bugle to-morrow.

BEDLOE'S CLOSE CALL.
Bedloe Ber, the transitory commissioner of Tansen and the mosquito exterminator of Albion City, reports this week from Muley's Hotel, London, Scotland Yard was watching him for several days on suspicion of being Dr. Clippin, but Mrs. Gillespie put them wise, and he is now doing London under the personal conduct of Lord Northcliffe. He expects to return to his suburban estate at Atlantic City in the autumn.

In South America.
From the Pittsburgh Post.
"Flag of truce, excellency."
"What do the revolutionists want?"
"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."

AT THE HOTELS.

Ralph K. Tarpey, a solicitor of London, who is at the New Willard, in speaking of crimes in England, said that during the last twenty years about 550 persons have been sentenced to death in that country.
"Of those sentenced, 478 were males and 64 females. The annual average for the twenty years was 27," said Mr. Tarpey, "and I believe that is much below the American average. The first fact to be noted is that murder is, as might be expected, the crime of men; murder means murder by men in a great majority of cases. The preponderance of males is to be observed. It was about seven men to one woman. The proportion of persons executed to those sentenced to death is also much higher among men. In twenty years only two women were sentenced to death for the murder of their newly born children. Apparently, such cases are usually treated as offenses of concealment of birth. It would seem, too, as if the proportion of women convicted of child murder is somewhat diminishing, owing partly, no doubt, to the reluctance as it is true it is a small decrease, but it is encouraging. It seems we are really improving, and there is every hope for a moral regeneration."

Of all ships that swim the sea, the tug alone is masculine by nature and function, according to Capt. Jerry G. Freeman, of Cleveland, Ohio, who was seen at the Raleigh last night. Capt. Freeman is a veteran seafaring man, but is now resting on his laurels, as it were.
"A tug is always a 'he,'" said Capt. Freeman. "He's going up the lake, or the channel, or the river, as the case may be, with a three-master in tow. 'I saw him off such and such a light-house not an hour ago.' He had a tight thing with two others, but he got to her first. And it is right that it should be so. Strong, independent, resourceful, his duty and pleasure it is to succor the weaker vessel in distress, to guide him through crowded traffic, guides her along the byways of commerce, and sees her safely home. Moreover, a tug is essentially a bachelor. He does not commit himself to steady work, but takes it by the job. One done, he is free to accept another, should it suit his fancy. He is his own master. He may stroll along in the open or pop into a convenient port and wait there, watching the passing shipping to see who will turn up. He has a fine eye for a 'nice little craft,' and is as good a judge of the money value of the opposite sex as any clubman of them all. He is, indeed, a clubman at heart. He is acquainted with every seaport, and hangs his hat up in every hall, so to speak, with the easy confidence of an old acquaintance. Unencumbered as he is, he will take a trip abroad at short notice, no matter where you will. Then he pays his harbor dues, as a bachelor should, with a handful of loose silver, and dispenses with the ordinary of safes and the formality of papers and ledgers. His name and port of register are merely his visiting card, bearing his club address, where you may inquire for him."

Dr. Fred S. Houston, of Philadelphia, who is at the Arlington, said last night, in speaking of rabies, that it is commonly believed that a person bitten by a dog in perfect health is liable to become affected with hydrophobia should the dog develop rabies at any subsequent period, however long afterward.
"Consequently, believers in this theory," continued Dr. Houston, "are particularly anxious to have the dog killed at once, before he has had an opportunity to go mad. Nothing could be more fallacious and at variance with our knowledge of all infectious diseases, and the killing of the dog should always be discouraged."

"Until recently it was considered that the dog's saliva became virulent only three days before the appearance of symptoms of rabies. According to some recent experiences, it has been found that the saliva may become virulent some six or seven or eight days before the symptoms develop. Therefore, in case a dog remains healthy for ten days after it has bitten a person or another animal, no danger need be apprehended from the bite, even though the dog develop rabies within the next few weeks."

"The idea is prevalent with many people that rabies are particularly liable to be mad during the so-called 'dog days,' which extend from the 1st of July to the middle of August. These days are called 'dog days' because they cover the period of time when the dog star Sirius is above the horizon with the sun; they bear no relation to a dog. On account of the clemency or the weather, dogs travel about during this season more than in winter, and hence are slightly more liable to infection. Statistics, however, as well as our own experiences about this section of the country, show that the disease is present throughout the year, and seasons have very little influence."

"It frequently occurs after a person is bitten by a dog that some friend will immediately look into the mouth of the animal. In case the mucous membrane is black, he will at once conclude that the bite is dangerous, even though the dog appears perfectly normal; but if the mouth happens to be red, he thinks there is no danger from the bite. This is entirely erroneous. The black color is due to a normal deposit of pigment in the mucous membrane of the mouth. It is present in a certain percentage of all dogs and has no connection with rabies."

"Many educated men, including some physicians, claim that all cases of hydrophobia in the human family are the result of wrought-up nervous excitement, due to fear on the part of the patient. While at times these symptoms do occur in neurotic individuals who have been bitten by healthy dogs, they are always hysterical in nature, cause no organic lesions, and universally terminate by recovery."

Lease Majesty in Austria.
From the London Express.
A decision of the courts at Trieste is causing great indignation among young people in Austria. Henceforward lovers will be liable to a summons for less majesty if they vary the official position of a postage stamp at a certain angle to express "undying love," "disappointment," "tender memories," &c. It is decidedly a mark of disrespect to the sovereign, say the courts. The sender of a post card at Cattaro who had used the Emperor's effigy to tell his sweetheart that he would love her always has been condemned and fined for the offense.